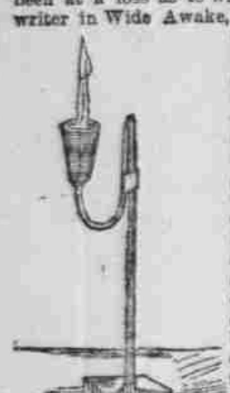
Wichita Eagle

THE RUSH LIGHT OF OLDEN TIMES.

The Tiny Light Which Is Even Now Used in Remote Parts of Ireland.

Probably some of our young folks who have come across the word "rush light" in stories of humble life in England have been at a loss as to what it could be. A writer in Wide Awake, from which our cut is taken, who, as a child, had the same wonder about the nature of a rush light, says: In a description of one of Hogarth's pictures, the writer speaks of the miser's rush light "in the save all." The "save all," you will understand, is the small pan in the bottom of the candlestick to save the candle ends and the drippings. That miser had a rush light because he was too niggardly to use anything better.



A RUSH LIGHT AND STICK.

Dickens, in "Great Expectations," has something about a rush light. Pip, who had arrived late in the night at a new lodging place, says:

As I had asked for a night light, the chamberlain had brought me in, before he left me, the good old constitutional rush light of those virtuous days—an object like the ghost of a walking cane, which instantly broke its back if it were touched, which nothing could ever be lighted at, and which was placed in solitary confinement at the bottom of a high tin tower, perforated with round holes that made a staringly wide awake pattern on the wall.

It was really but a tiny light, yet it was all that the poor of the olden time could afford. The earliest lights used in Ireland were from rushes drawn through grease and placed in some kind of receptacle where they could burn without danger of being put out by accident; and even now, in some remote parts of that country, rush candles are used in the cabins of the peasants.

The species employed for this purpose is juncus conglomeratus, perhaps not found in this country, though it must be much like our bulrush, but in England it grows abundantly. From these rushes the outer green covering was peeled lengthwise, with the exception of a narrow strip from top to bottom which served as a support to the pith and kept the light from burning out as soon as it would otherwise have done. Then these piths were spread in rows on the grass where they remained till they were bleached, after which they were dried in the sun. Among the poorest people there was not much grease used, and their candles were not much larger than oat straws. But for those in better circumstances there was a candle dipping that resulted in a substantial candle that would burn "from half an hour to forty minutes on an average."

How He Was Cured.

It is told in Harper's Young People of the famous naturalist, Buffon, that he was very fond of lying in bed late in the morning. Wishing to cure himself of this bad habit, he promised his servant, Joseph, a crown for each morning he could get his master up at 6 o'clock. For several days Joseph tried to induce him to get out of bed early, but without success. He was only abused and driven out of the room by his master. Yet every day when Buffon arose he lamented that he had not gotten up sooner.

"You do not manage it right," he said angrily to Joseph. "You ought to remember only the crown I promised you and pay no attention to what I say when I am sleepy."

So Joseph determined to try again. The next morning he dragged his master out of bed by main force. He was unmindful of scolding, threats or even blows. Later in the day he was rewarded for his persistency by the promised crown, and his master bestowed the same every day that his faithful servant made him get up early in spite of himself.

Four Little Maidens of Lee.

There were four little maidens of Lee,
They were timid and shy as could be.
If a cow came in sight
They all fled in a fright,
Did the four little maidens of Lee.

THE COWS SCAMPER AWAY.

So those little maidens of Lee,
Their sunshades to take did agree.
And now in dismay
The cows scamper away
From the four little maidens of Lee.

The Mother Swallow.

The swallow now with toil and care
Has built her little nest,
Beneath the roof has fixed it firm,
And sings with happy breast.

There in and out the livelong day
Unweariedly she wings,
And straws and feathers for a bed
Into the new house brings.

Then lays some tiny speckled eggs
Deep in the cozy home,
From which before the summer time
Wee naked birdlings come;

Who quickly open wide their bills,
Intent the food to seize,
The mother bird has much ado
Their hunger to appease.

She catches flies up in the air,
With gnats and midges nice,
And takes them to her little ones,
Who eat them in a trice.

But when the young are fully fledged,
No longer will they stay,
And with the first cold weather fly
To distant lands away.

A Wee, Elfish Miller.

"There's a little mill a-going,
I hear its whirr again."
"No; 'tis but the housefly
Buzzing in the pane."

"Tis not a fly, but a fairy,
Such as dance in magic rings:
A wee, elfish miller,
With a wheel beneath his wings!

"And his grist is the sunshine
Which through the windows there
Into golden meal is powdered,
That dances in the air."

Maine and Her Mackerel.

The advent of mackerel upon the Maine coast and into its countless little bays occasions great general excitement and a feeling of security against positive want the coming winter. The good people all hasten to salt down a barrel of fish to each family, and with pork and potatoes in the cellar they feel that they can in a measure prepare, like the oft quoted man in Scripture, to "eat, drink and be merry." In these Maine villages visited by the silvery tribe there is an odor of cooking mackerel emanating from every cottage, and the summer visitor may reckon on getting all the fish, and more, that he wants. It is at such times that the boarding house keeper makes something on his people who pay him only a dollar a day.—Boston Herald.

A PRINCESS' WOES

The Beautiful Woman Who Loved Herbert Bismarck.

HER HUSBAND GOT A DIVORCE.

But She Waited in Vain at Her Venetian Palace for the Coming of the Iron Chancellor's Son—Policy and Ambition Forbade a Marriage.

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THE recent rumor of a projected alliance between Herbert Bismarck and Lady Edith Ward, daughter of Lady Dudley, and heiress to a fortune of two millions, recalls the still famous affair in which he once figured and which was the social sensation of the day in Germany ten years back. The elder Bismarck's power was at its height. Herbert had not then obtained any political prominence. His father had him in training for a career, it is true; he had been attached to the German embassies of various cities and was at that time secretary of legation at Berlin. He was an unusually handsome young man of thirty, very popular in society.

Among the many who were attracted by the good looks and manly bearing of the chancellor's son was a lady whose beauty and fascination, as well as whose rank gave her a position of great prominence at the court.

She was the Princess Carolath, born Countess Hatzfeldt, of Trachenburg, Silesia. She came of a family of beautiful women, almost every one of whom has been the heroine of a romance or two. Sophie Hatzfeldt, whose connection with the great socialist, Ferdinand Lassalle, has become a matter of history, was her aunt. One of her sisters married Baron de Loe, commander of the Fifth Army corps, and personal adjutant of William I.

All of the Hatzfeldt women possess besides their beauty very strong individualities. They are all brilliant, proud, self willed and imperious.

The Princess Carolath was many years her husband's junior; she was as lovely as a Hatzfeldt ought to be and as fascinating as any woman ever was. Her portrait, painted by Gustave Richter, "the right," as he is called, to distinguish him from an inferior painter of the same name, shows a tall, lissom woman, with clear cut, aristocratic features, large, calm blue eyes, perfect arms and hands, an imperial head, with masses of red-gold ringlets; shoulders like marble and the bearing of an empress.

To win a smile from those cold lips many men have done difficult things. The Austrian embassador in response to a half expressed desire on her part to hear a genuine gypsy orchestra, sent to the wilds of Hungary and imported the finest players, which he exhibited at his next fete.

The Princess Carolath was six years older than Herbert Bismarck, she was infinitely his superior mentally, she was already a wife, but nevertheless she fell madly, hopelessly in love with him.

She was very fond of music and herself possessed a fine contralto voice. One of her most intimate friends was a young girl whose magnificent singing was the enthusiasm of Berlin at the time. This young singer was a frequent guest at the Carolath palace, and was one of the first to discover the growing attachment of the princess and young Bismarck. While Fraulein L—— at the piano was pouring out her soul in the passionate love songs selected by the princess, she began to observe that two of her listeners were more than ordinarily affected by the music. Burning glances, trembling, agitated whispers were exchanged. Sometimes the princess would leave the room only to be followed by the infatuated young man.

Fraulein L—— was not the only one to whom the state of affairs was revealed. Prince Carolath took to dozing on divans in the music room or in the various salons frequented by his wife and her friends; dozing, a la great Napoleon—with one eye open. The lovers were blind, the poor bewildered young singer was powerless and the prince—dozed.

What might have happened is a matter of conjecture. What did happen was the serious illness of the princess and a consequent interruption of the morning concerts at the palace. For a time the princess' life was despaired of, but she was finally pronounced convalescent and was ordered to Nice to recover her strength. To Nice, therefore, went the princess; to Nice also went Herbert von Bismarck.

PRINCESS CAROLATH.

From Nice at length came a letter to the prince, in which his wife confessed her love for Count Herbert, who had offered to relinquish his career, to give up, if necessary, his family, his fortune, his country if she would get a divorce from her husband and marry him. A divorce is not easily obtained by women in Germany, therefore the princess prayed her husband to himself bring about the annulment of their marriage. She had never loved him and she did love young Bismarck. Elizabeth Hatzfeldt could brave public opinion, but she could not sacrifice her honor. Therefore she threw herself on her husband's mercy and prayed for her freedom.

The prince refused absolutely at first. What pressure was brought to bear on him later, whether he thought his interests would be furthered by giving up his wife to a Bismarck, whether he feared a greater scandal, or whether be simply concluded that his dignity would suffer less by a compliance than by a forced surrender, is not clear. Prince Carolath's attitude toward the whole affair was a little mysterious. Certain it is, however, that he at last yielded to his wife's wishes. A divorce was obtained on the ground of "extravagance," the princess' own fortune, which was not very large, was made over to her, and the custody of their daughter granted her.

It was agreed that a decent interval should elapse before her marriage with Count Herbert, and that after the event they should live abroad. Venice, the cradle of romance and home of dreams, was selected by the princess. She bought the Palazzo Modene and at once began to refit it in princely fashion. The court was made into a garden of surpassing beauty. The belle etage was furnished in old German style. Dozens of workmen were brought from Berlin; expert woodcarvers and decorators. The most expensive tapestries, hangings, rugs, marbles, bronzes, that taste could select or money could buy were secured. The princess was determined that her lover should never regret his fatherland. The apartments destined for his occupancy were lavishly extravagant in their splendor.

The time sped and the day set for their marriage was less than a week away.

The count was expected to arrive that morning, and the princess, royally arrayed, waited eagerly for the man for whom she had sacrificed so much.

A courier from the court of Germany was announced. The princess received him, and with a deadly chill at her heart took from his hands a letter. It was from the chancellor, and it informed her that Count Herbert would not visit Venice while the Princess Carolath remained there. It further stated that Bismarck had reflected on the matter of his son's marriage and had concluded not to permit it. He wished the young man to remain in Germany; he had certain political ambitions for his son which would be materially interfered with if he married a divorced woman. Madame, the Princess Carolath, would therefore consider all connection with Count Herbert von Bismarck at an end.

The princess dismissed the courier. Then she sat down and wrote a dispatch; not to her lover, but to the young singer who had been her confidant in Berlin.

"Dearest Anna, if you love me come to me now."

The devoted young woman hastened to Venice at once. Installed in the very apartments intended for the count, she staid with the broken hearted princess two months, until her own musical contracts called her back to Germany.

HERBERT BISMARCK.

What agonies of outraged pride and wounded love, what bitterness of disappointed hopes the beautiful woman suffered no human being can know. She bore herself with perfect dignity, never betraying the least sign of the anguish which must have devoured her night and day.

She lived in her Venetian palace two years. What fortitude! What sublime scorn of fate!

Then a restlessness, a desire for change, made her leave Italy for Paris, where she remained some time. She also passed a short period in Vienna and in a quiet town in Ireland. Much of her fortune had been absorbed in fitting up the palace in Venice, and it is said that the princess would have been reduced to actual want at one time had it not been for the generosity of her wealthy relatives.

Her present home is in Dresden. Prince Carolath married again. Society was perfectly prepared to receive his first wife, but she was indifferent to society. Her daughter and her beloved music occupy all her time.

Her home in Dresden is the rendezvous of all the great singers and composers of the advanced school of music. She is a Wagner enthusiast and never misses the festivals at Baireuth. Still beautiful and brilliant, the tragedy of her life has left her even more fascinating than of old.

This romance of the Nineteenth century, like Rudyard Kipling's "Light That Failed," has two endings, of which the reader may take his choice.

One version is that when the princess was in Ireland Lord Londonderry, who was Count Herbert's most intimate friend, effected a meeting and a reconciliation between the lovers; that the count visited her frequently thereafter, still continues to visit her in Dresden and will undoubtedly marry her as soon as his father dies. Some there are, indeed, who declare that a marriage has already taken place.

Intimate friends of the princess, however, protest that she has never met Count Herbert, although he has made more than one attempt to see her. The few persons who know the true state of affairs are silent. Count Herbert is reticent, and Princess Carolath is not one of whom impertinent questions are asked by even closest friends. As for the English heiress story, it is not generally believed. Rumor had the count engaged before to Lady Helen Vane Tempest, beautiful young woman with a round hundred thousand attached to each of her three names; but nothing ever came of it.

The Princess Carolath suffered much wrong through him, not only to her heart, but to her reputation, for an uncharitable world has been only too ready to believe the many fake versions of the affair—stories of their elopement and of their living together in Naples and in Sicily—and to remain unwedded for her sake seems the very least Count Herbert could do, and a very small expiation at best.

RHETA LOUISE CHILDE.

Sold Her Property While Drunk.

Sudden prosperity often turns people's heads, and then they fall victims of designing persons. Mary Ann Werkmeister, of Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn, became a widow in January, and by the will of her husband she got possession of a good piece of property in that city. She now alleges that on the day on which the will was admitted to probate she was induced to go to to a saloon near the city hall and drink until she became intoxicated, and that while in that condition she signed an agreement to sell a house and lot to her cousin, Elizabeth Holz, for less than half its real value. She also alleges that she subsequently signed the deed to the property through a misapprehension, and she is now suing to have the deed set aside and to recover the property.

An Ugly Predicament.

John Geiss, a Michigan blacksmith, got his foot tangled in a rope attached to a balloon at Wenonah Beach, on Saginaw bay. He called to the folks to hold him when the balloon went up, but they could not. However, he got his feet untangled before he had gone more than three or four rods, and falling on soft sand, he escaped injury.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Too Clean to Be Good.

While laboring under the misapprehension that it was counterfeit, the cashier of a large store on Main street refused on Monday to receive a two dollar bill that had merely been disinfected by a judicious use of soapsuds and carbolic acid. The bill was clean, and therefore looked upon with suspicion! Its genuineness was subsequently established by the Charter Oak bank exchanging it for another bill. Would it not be better if storekeepers and the public in general would refuse to receive bills which are so soiled as to suggest at sight the need of disinfection, and accept those that are fit to handle!—Hartford Courant.

PARIS STREETS.

The Work of the Ragpickers, Including Some Rather Disturbing Details.

A curious series of statistics establishes the value of the refuse of the Paris streets. The figures seem incredible, and show that the ragpickers discharge a duty of primary importance. Working at night, busy under the gas lights, with hook and panier, the value of what they collect is estimated at $10,000 each day. Assuredly one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. Of course, the conditions of Paris life are exceptionable. Population is very close; the tall houses are crammed with inhabitants; there are no gardens, as with us—there are but the houses and the streets. The Parisians have a way of emptying all kinds of lumber and refuse into the streets, and then the ragpickers gather in their harvest. A use is found for everything, and metamorphosis never ceases. All the details are interesting, though some are rather disturbing.

Rags, of course, go to make paper; broken glass is pounded, and serves as the coating for sand or emery paper; bones, after the process of cleaning and cutting down, serve to make nail brushes, tooth brushes and fancy buttons; little wisps of women's hair are carefully unraveled, and do duty for false hair by and by. Men's hair collected outside the barbers' serves for filters through which sirups are strained; bits of sponge are cut up and used for spirit lamps; bits of bread if dirty are toasted and grated, and sold to the restaurants for spreading on hams or cutlets; sometimes they are carbonized and made into tooth powder. Sardine boxes are cut up into tin soldiers or into sockets for candlesticks. A silk hat has a whole chapter of adventures in store for it. All this work employs a regiment of ragpickers numbering close on 20,000 and each earning from forty to sixty-five cents a day.

Crocodile Tears.

The expression "crocodile tears" is used to describe hypocritical sorrow, a pretense of grief that is not felt. The Inter-Ocean explains that it refers to the old story that the crocodile, in order to draw human beings within its reach, mourns and weeps, and having thus induced its victim to come near to it, falls upon him and devours him. It is a fact that crocodiles do make loud and melancholy cries, much like the howling of a dog. Credulous travelers naturally associated tears with these cries, and the story of the weeping, when once started, was naturally repeated, and came to be generally believed. In a "Book of Proverbs," printed in 1498, the expression is referred to and explained. That the belief is a very old one is shown by the fact that the phrase occurs both in the old Latin and the Greek writers, and the references to it in literature are numerous.

In the account of the voyages of Sir John Mandeville, issued in 1356, it is said that "in a certain countree" long serpents called crocodiles slew men and ate them weeping. The same story is given in the account of the voyages of Sir Jo Hawkins during the Sixteenth century. Spenser, in the first book of "Faerie Queene," speaks of—

The cruell, craftie crocodile,
Which in false grief hyding his harmful guile,
Doth weep full sore and sheddeth tender tears.

And Shakespeare, in the second part of King Henry IV, act ii, scene 1, says:

Gloster's show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers.

Correspondence of Marie Bashkirtseff.

In the correspondence of Marie Bashkirtseff, just now attracting attention, are letters addressed to various persons, a gre[illegible] many of whom were not personally kno[illegible] to her; thus she wrote to Zola telling h[illegible] that she admired his works above everything, and that her great ambition was to become his friend through the medium of correspondence; to Alexander Dumas to ask him to give her rendezvous, to which he responded with some excellent advice, which was not at all to her taste, and brought a very cutting reply; to Goncourt, whose works she did not hesitate to criticise in addressing him; to Sully Prudhomme, whose poetry fills her with surprise and delight.

Francois Coppee describes Marie Bashkirtseff in a manner that would have satisfied even her appetite for praise. The poet, at the same time, confesses that he only saw her once for an hour, and is never likely to forget her. "At three-and-twenty," he says, "she looked much younger. She was rather short, but harmonious in her proportions; with a round face exquisitely modeled, s[illegible] w colored hair, and dark eyes fired [illegible] t were with thought, eyes devoured v[illegible] the desire to see and to know, a firm [illegible]outh, good and thoughtful, nostrils that [illegible]brated like those of a wild horse of the [illegible]anian steppes, Marie Bashkirtseff ga[illegible] you, on the first seeing her, the rare sensation of will joined to sweetness, energy combined with grace."

An Old Proverb.

The oft quoted proverb, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," frequently and wrongly ascribed to the Bible, occurs in Laurence Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." The Inter-Ocean explains, however, that it is but a rendering of a proverb much older than Sterne's time. The "Sentimental Journey" was written about 1767. But Bishop Herbert, nearly 160 years before, in his "Jacula Prudentum," uses the expression, "To a close shorn sheep God gives wind by measure." Estienne, a French writer, in 1594 said, "Dieu mesure le froid a la brebis tondue" (God measures the cold to the shorn ewe). Estienne gives another form of the proverb as "Dieu donne le froid selon la robe:" that is, "God will not let the cold exceed the warmth of the fleece," or, as it is less poetically rendered by another French writer, with a different and more practical meaning, not so frequently falsified by the actual facts of life, "God cuts a man's coat according to his measure." That this proverb is French in origin there seems no doubt, as various versions of it are found in different writers.

A Destructive Scarecrow.

Since the corn canning shops commenced operations in Maine the farmers have found a brand new defense against crows. They corral whole basketfuls of the disdarded tin scraps and next day hundreds of poles toss and flaunt a dazzling array of adornments in the eye of the sun. This will scare crows, horses and cows, and when travelers find themselves in the gutter with the carriage on top, they at once understand that a tin field is in view.—Lewiston Journal.

COSTUMES FOR THE COUNTRY.

A Toilet for Outdoor Wear, Showing the Draped Corselet Favored by Parisians.

Many and dainty are the styles to be seen in toilets in light fabrics for out of door summer wear in country places, and our cut shows a very attractive model. This is in zephyr lawn, striped white and pink, and set off with washing silk of the delicate tint which is used as lapels, neck and wristbands. It also binds the loose fronts of the jacket with its slashed basque, together with the skirt opening, which displays a panel in either white lace or embroidered muslin in keeping with the shirt front and the deep cuffs.

A COUNTRY COSTUME.

The draped corselet is in the pink silk. These draped corselets and Swiss bands, which are close fitting, are much worn in Paris with outdoor summer toilets. A Leghorn hat with crown covered with wide muslin, piquet of ostrich tips and pink ribbon bow completes the costume.

Among attractive fabrics much seen in midsummer toilets are the white lawns dotted with flower or fruit sprays in their natural coloring. There is renewed liking shown also for sheer airy linen batistes in tan or ecru. This, however, must be made up over silk.

At evening receptions in country and watering places flowered silk, muslin and lace represent a popular and handsome style. These are simply made with straight skirt and lace flounce, lace basque and draped corsage.

Plaids of pink and green, blue and brown or other combinations, formed by the crossing of waved stripes, are seen in some of the latest foulards. Stripes in soft colors, such as china blue and pink, are also liked in white lawn, to be trimmed with white lace.

Very large sleeves which droop from the top, but fit closely below the elbow and are banked with many rows of baby ribbon, are a feature of some French costumes.

A Dream That Located Lost Shears.

What's in a dream? Nothing, of course, say most people, and specially those practically inclined. Sometimes their faith in this statement is somewhat shaken however. Such was the case with an Augusta (Me.) woman. She had lost a pair of shears several months before, but the incident had passed from her mind, when of an afternoon she fell asleep on the sofa and dreamed that she had discovered the scissors were about the sofa. Waking, she began to grope around. Finally she started to look under the sofa, and just as she placed her hand on the carpet she remarked, "What a fool I am." At that instant her hand came in contact with the scissors, which had lain under the carpet since it was put down.—Exchange.

Soldering Fluid.

The ordinary soldering fluid or acid used by tinsmiths and others answers a very good purpose in preparing small articles to be electroplated or plated. In spite of the best efforts of the amateur, the work will sometimes strip or peel off, says The Horological Review. But if the article, after having been cleaned, is washed over or dipped into the acid, the coating applied will be found to stick as effectually as it does in soft soldering.

The Age of Trees.

Recent information gathered by the German forestry commission assigns to the pine tree 500 and 700 years as the maximum of life, 425 years to the silver fir, 275 years to the larch, 245 years to the red beech, 200 years to the birch, 170 years to the ash, 145 years to the alder and 130 years to the elm. The heart of the oak begins to rot at about the age of 300 years.